W. 858

THE Most LAMENTABLE AND Deplorable Accident which on *Friday* last *June* 21. befell *Lawrence Cawthorn* a Butcher in St. *Nicholas* Shambles in *Newgate Market*, who being suspected to be Dead, by the two hasty covetousness and cruelty of his Land-lady Mrs. *Cook* in *Pincock-lane*, was suddenly and inhumanely buryed.

TOGETHER

With the report of his moving of the Body as it was carrying by the Bearers to his Grave, and the tearing of his Winding sheet with his own hands, and the Lamentable Shrieks and Groans he made on the *Saturday* and *Sunday* following.

As also the Examination and Commitment of his Land-Lord and Land-Lady by the Lord Mayor to the Prison of *Newgate*; And opening the Grave, the body exposed to publick view on the *Munday* following. And the Virdict and Sentence which the Jury passed upon the sight of the Body, & the Examination of several witnesses following.

For the further satisfaction of the people who have bin so extreamly mis-informed in the particulars of this sad Accident, that the very name of the person is most sallly represented.

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MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

The moſt lamentable Death of Laurence Cauthorn, *who being conceived to be dead, was put into a Coffin, and buried on* Friday June 21. *and being afterwards heard to have made many hideous Yells and Groans, was taken up on* Monday June 24. *where he was found to have broken open his ſhroud, and to have beaten himſelf to Death in the Coffin.*

AMongſt all the Torments that Mankind is capable of, the moſt dreadfull of them, and that which nature moſt ſhrinks

at is to be buryed alive. Death is deſcribed to be *the moſt dreadful of all things that are dreadful*, becauſe it deprives the body of the ſoul, by the commerce whereof the body enjoyes all the Comforts that Life is capable to entertain; And although through many diſcontents and miſeries, that Life it ſelf is become unpleaſant, yet we had rather endure all Calamities then be beholding to death to releaſe us from them. The Old Man that ſtoops under the burden of his Age, though peradventure he hath all diſeaſes upon him, and all extremities of want to make his Life more full of Affliction, yet tell him of death, and you ſhall find by him that he would fain live longer, nay rather then death ſhould ſeize upon him, you ſhall find him to be ready to excuſe his infirmities, and make you to believe that he is younger, and richer, and ſtronger, then indeed he is. There is in all

Creatures

Creatures a natural deſire of Life; and Death though unavoydable is the Common Enemy againſt which they do all labour to defend themſelves.

We have read in Hiſtories that ſome Men having committed the greateſt Crimes, have been ſentenced to the moſt grievous puniſhments, as to be buried in the ground up to the Arme-pits, and ſometimes to the Chin, and all manner of ſuſtenance and comfort being denyed them, to ſtarve in the open Aire, and cry aloud for that Bread which it is Death for any man to give unto them. There is nothing in Nature that doth make men more heartily to deſire death then Famine; For Hunger is ſo violent that it breaketh thorough Stone-walls, Women have been Recorded to feed on their own Children being compelled thereunto by Hunger, and Notorious Malefactors hanging alive on Gib-

bets have been known to feed on their own Arms, or any other part of them that their Teeth could reach. But in this extremity (although there is no question but the dolour is very great) there is something to give some little comfort; as the sight of the Passengers whose Pity and whose Prayers they have, the variety of Objects both of Beasts and Birds, and some hope of Life whiles any thing alive is seen.

But from the Grave there is no redemption; hath any one (saith the Wise man) returned from the Grave to acquaint us with the newes of the Dead, and the sad passages in the chambers of the grave? There is heard no joyful tread of Friends, no Gratulations of acquaintance, but all Oblivion, Dust, and endless darkness.

We have heard of some who have been buried, and yet have been both seen and numbred gain amongst

amongſt the living, as of the Prophet *Jonas* who lay three days and three nights in the belly of the Whale. He had ſurely died if he had not been buryed; we have heard of others who by ſome ſudden dilapidations having been covered with rubbiſh, have as ſuddenly been reſcued from that Ruine, and being but duſt themſelves, have ever afterwards acknowledged their thankfulneſſe to the Almighty who did thus deliver them from the malice of the Duſt. But in this ſtrange viſitation whereof we come now to ſpeak, we find a Man dead, ſtruck dead (if we will believe the Verdict of the Searchers) A young Man in the ſtrength and flouriſh of his youth: his complexion promiſed health, and his youth the acceſſe of many years, and we find this man to be buried, and to be buried alive.

The Searchers who too haſtily ſaid he was dead ought to have a

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new ſearch to be made after them, for it is to believed that this young man is not alone in this Example, but that many others have ſuffered in the like nature, and who might have been heard to make the complaint, had their Graves been digged no deeper then this young Mans was? for if we may believe report, they made ſuch haſt to bury him, that the Grave at the moſt was not half a yard in the depth.

His Name was *Laurence Cawthorn*, by his trade a Butcher, and having not long before lived out the time of his Apprentiſhip with commendable truſt and induſtry, he was now a Journyman to a Butcher in the Shambles Beyond *Newgate*.

To be more ready to diſcharge the truſt repoſed in him, he took a lodging at a Victualers houſe, whoſe name is *William Cook* in *Pincock-lane*, and having on *Thurſday* toyled and ſweated much in the imploy-

imployment of his Trade, he in the Evening went to another Victualing house hard by, with some of his acquaintance to refresh himself. He appeared then to be well and lusty, but whether he drank too much of Hot Waters (as some say he did) or whether he was to high in any other drink it is uncertain; it seemeth to me that neither the one or the other was the occasion of this lamentable accident, for on his coming home, I find him very careful of his businesse, as it became an honest, and a temperate man to be. He desired some that were in the house to call him by three of the Clock, because *Friday* being market day he had many Sheep and Lambs to kill, which must be ready to be sold in the Shambles about seven or eight of the Cloek, a great task, he said, he was to perform in a few hours.

The Task indeed was greater then he thought for, little thinking that

that at that time he was to encounter hn the next morning with ſo ſore an enemy as Death.

Becauſe he would be more early to follow his buſineſs he did not on that night go to bed, but onely lay on it, his reſolution being fixed to be dreſſing of meat for the next days Market by three of the clock in the Morning.

Much about that time he was called upon (according to his deſires) to riſe to follow his Imployment, they knoked at the dore to waken him, and knocked again, and again with louder violence, but hearing no anſwer returned, they went down the ſtairs again, uncertain of the Event, and diſputing with themſelves what the matter might be.

The Morning growing Older, and all the Butchers thereabouts being buſie in their employments, the Maſter of the Victualing houſe where he lay, whoſe name is *Cook*, did

did go up the ſtairs himſelf to waken him, he often called upon him by his name, and ſhaking and beating at the door he bad him riſe, and told him how much already of the Morning was loſt, which to redeem he counſelled him preſently to riſe and follow his Buſineſſe; but hearing not the leaſt noiſe in the Chamber and finding the door to be faſt bolted he much admired what might be the reaſon of it.

Going down the ſtairs he met with his wife, & ſome others, where after a little reſpit of conſultation it was concluded on by all to have the door broke open.

The Smith immediately was ſent for, and it was put in execution; Entring into the Chamber they find their Lodger lying all along much like a dead man. Some ſay that he opened his eyes twice or thrice when he heard his Name called upon, and when they did ſtroke him & rub him to awaken.

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There are ſome others who were then in the room that ſay he hardly opened his eyes at all; but yet they perceived that ſtill there was warmth & life in him, whereupon the Maſter of the houſe and his wife pull off his cloaths, and fairly lay him in the bed. And a diſcourſe there was amongſt the Neighbours and themſelves what ſhould be the reaſon of ſo great a diſtemper.

It is not to be diſſembled, but ſome reported that on the night before he had drank off with ſome few of his Companions a whole quart of hot Waters, and they imputed (as indeed well they might) the violence of that dead ſleep upon him to the violence of the hot waters, the exceſs whereof had cauſed ſo profound a ſlumber.

The Maſter of the Victualling houſe where he lay not knowing what to do, repairs to a Neighbour hard by, who alſo keeps a Victualling houſe, and where this young Butcher

Butcher for the moſt part rendez-vouzed when he had any hours of leiſure to drink with his Friends, he cals him about five of the clock in the morning, and acquaints him in what a deſperate condition *Laurence Cawthorn* (for ſo was the Butcher called) lay.

He aſſures him that he went off well from his houſe about nine or ten of the clock at night at the furtheſt, and wondring what might be the occaſion of this diſtemper, he goes along with him, and looking on him, he much laments his Condition, and concludes he is a dead Man.

There are ſome (but I know not with what truth) that do give forth, that this *Laurence Cawthorn* was ſubject to have ſtrange Fits, & that ſometimes he would lie in a trance like a dead man for many hours together, they conjectured that the heat of the waters meeting with ſuch a diſtemper when it

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was growing on him it did render his preſent condition ſo extremely deſperate.

Howſoever it was; about ſix or ſeven of the clock in the morning, all that did look upon him did conclude him to be dead, and that there was not the leaſt ſign or appearance of life in him.

Hereupon the Searchers were ſent for, who turn and look upon the Corps, and with the more Circumſpection becauſe there were one or two at that time below the Stairs, who ſaid, that at the time of his departing, there were ſome Spots appeared upon his breaſt, which preſently afterwards did vaniſh away and go in again.

The Searchers gave no heed to that report, but concluded that he died of the *Quinſey*, a Diſeaſe which ſwelling in the throat doth in a ſhort time deprive the perſon that is afflicted with it of the uſe of his Breath.

They now provide for his Burial. The Woman in whoſe houſe he died would have it performed that very Evening, which hath brought no ſmall ſuſpition upon her ſhe deſired his Goods, which indeed were not very conſiderable, ſhe had

had been the occaſion that the young Man made more haſt to his Grave then the courſe of Nature doth allow. She takes her husband with her, and repaireth to the other Victualler where *Laurence* for the moſt part was accuſtomed to go, to know what he would contribute to the burial; he told her that *Laurence* died twenty ſhillings or thereabouts in his debt which he was well able to prove, and let him have but his Cloaths he would bury him like a Chriſtian.

This ſhe ſeemed unwilling to grant & faultred in her accounts, ſometimes pretending that her dead Tenant owed her ſo much Money, and ſometimes ſo much, which the neighbours that heard of it were unwilling to receive into their belief; for it was agreed upon on all ſides *Laurence* was an honeſt man, and paying but 8 *d.* a week for his Lodging could not be much in her debt; and if he had been backward to pay, yet her greedines of Money was ſuch, eſpecially where ſhe found any hopes of it to ſmile upon her, that ſhe would not let him. She makes uſe of his cloaths for her own advantage & makes all things ready for the Burial.

While the neighbours are murmuring

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at this dispatch, & that things are carried in so great a hurrey, the Bearers are come to carry their fatal Burden to the Grave. Some there are who report that in the way one of them perceived the *Corps* to stir in the *Coffin*, but it is not to be believed that any Man can be guilty of so great an inhumanity.

The Body was buried in the common Churchyard belonging to Christ Church and it is reported by divers, that they heard on the *Saturday* & *Sunday* following great groanings and shriekings in the same place where the Body was buried, and one acquainting another with the wonder of it, they were all equally amazed and afrighted.

On *Monday* morning *June* 24. the dead Body was digged up, which was not buried above half a yard in the Ground: and it being exposed to the publick View every one spake of it as his Fancy did suggest unto him. Some said that the Shroud was torne in pieces; others that the eyes were swollen; and the brains beaten out of the head, and clots of blood were to be seen at the mouth, and the breast all over black and blew. The Coroner was sent for and a Jury impannelled, who are to give their Virdict in to morrow, being *Thursday June* 25. In the mean time my Lord Mayor hath committed the Man & Woman of the house where the Butcher dyed to Newgate, where the Law is to passe upon them according to their demerit.

FINIS.